

## Finding

At the newer weather service,  
she was never on live anymore.

Way it worked out, nothing  
to do with her appearance,  
which remained chipper  
and pert.

She joked with her husband,  
who got more and more face  
time due to his great-fella  
persona.

The last time in the Capital of  
Blizzards, Buffalo.

The van broke down there, and  
he and the crew had to endure  
an extra day getting it dug out  
and repaired and de-grimed.

Del met Victor then. Dropped in  
at the dark cocktail lounge he  
owned when she couldn't sleep.

When Cliff had a remote in Portland, Maine for a howling Nor'easter out of Canada, she returned to Victor and they discussed the poetry he had recommended.

Romance? Nonsense! Though his terrible limp intrigued.

One of the young women got mono, and she found herself on camera again, together with Cliff in Nova Scotia.

When she returned to the cocktail lounge, Victor had died!

She was asked to say something at his memorial service the following Tuesday.

She worried at to the literature content some expected, so went to the quirky bookstore to inquire as to a suitable tragic poem she could read.

But Jellybean Shawcross--her actual name--offered to impersonate her instead. "That dark

lighting! They really don't know what you look like!"

Lil said no way!

But Jellybean challenged "Aw come on! Faint heart na'er won Fair Lady!"

Deal struck, and Cliff stuck in Philadelphia that hailing night anyway. "Size of Quarters!"

Jellybean reported to her around eleven as to the completely successful ruse, and they couldn't stop laughing.

The more they giggled and drank, as the rain pounded, the more apparent she'd stay the night.